

PHOENIX



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Phoenix

Literary and Arts Magazine

Phoenix is the literary and art magazine for The College of New Rochelle. Published in the spring of each academic year, this magazine showcases the artistic talents of The College of New Rochelle community. Submissions considered for the publication are accepted from students, staff, faculty and alumnae/i of The College of New Rochelle. All forms of art are welcome. All advertising and submissions for next year's edition can be sent to the following address:

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Phoenix

Volume 34

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Dear Reader,

A common misperception has permeated the mainstream understanding of creativity. The image of the artist: sad, heavy eyes, marked with days of no sleep, wild hair, lonely, eccentric and misunderstood. If we abandon this flawed notion, however, we can find that creativity is not restricted to a certain profile; it springs from all those who are willing to explore it in themselves.

I hope that the courage of everyone who has collaborated in this issue of Phoenix will motivate the rest of us to share our own artistic creations and bring greater hope for the future of imaginative expression at The College of New Rochelle.

My thanks to all contributors; your hard work is truly appreciated. A special thank you to our advisors, Suzette Walker-Vega and Tiffani Blake, for their help and support.

-Mirham Rojas
Phoenix Executive Editor


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We've GOT to be better!

Kim Baker SAS '03

As of lately, I am finding a lot of my close friends and acquaintances in a toss up between what they are doing now in terms of careers, relationships and spiritual growth and where they really want to be. It's as though we're allowing too many entities with irrelevant meanings get in the way of our true aspirations. We are so consumed with societal terms that we never embark on changing history's course. We are not made to just work and die; we are made to live, love, pray and sometimes even sing a song or two. Why allow your spirit to die before you see its full potential? We've got to do better!

Take my hand and let's walk in this universe together, side by side, in stride for a better tomorrow. We are the creators, changers, motivators and healers of this beautiful universe. Let us walk with love. Release the pressures off of your shoulders because in the end, who are you really living for? - I pray you know how important your position in this world is - so make no room for inconsistencies.





Shiyon Mathew

Phoenix

Release

By Kimberlee Haldane

There are many things that I know.
I know that $2+2=4$
But $3-1=2$
Get rid of me and
All that's left is you.
I know I cry under cover of darkness,
Waiting for someone to shed some light.
I know that knowing isn't enough,
Choke back that sigh
Cause it ain't over yet.
I know that lies often hold truths
And truths beget lies,
And that if we ask we shall receive.
Say thank you,
Then please.
Beg some more,
I'm afraid no one heard
Your side of the story.
But I have asked and have yet to receive,
A drop of understanding,
A small taste of kindness.
Yes,
I am ashamed of myself
For passing that beggar on the street,
Change jingling in my pocket
In time to the beat
That my feet can't quite seem to control.
I am cold inside at the thought of baring
my soul,
Of telling all and nothing.
And still it will be even harder to uncoil
The irony that constricts my breathing,
And blast through the film of indifference to find that
I am more than me.
I am painfully aware that I am
Cause and effect,
If and then,
Beginning and end
Of me.
Would that I could
Indulge in these passions
That eat at my soul.

But I would come up empty
And short of breath.
I do not enjoy the idleness of defeat,
The sacrifices made for the sake of
dreams.
I know that lies often hold truths
And truths beget lies,
And that if we ask we shall receive.
Say thank you,
Then please.
Beg some more,
I'm afraid no one heard
Your side of the story.
But I have asked and have yet to receive,
A drop of understanding,
A small taste of kindness.
They are all that remain in this body
Full of wounds and open sores,
Not only on my soul but apart of my face.
I can't think of many more things to say.
How can I hold on to my name
When the things I know
Turn full circle and chew a hole
Into the left side of my brain.
Will I suffer in silence?
I think not!
Let me answer the call of
Who?
What?
When?
Where?
Why?
And with whom?
I don't doubt the answer
But I suspect the question,
Laid in gold at my feet.
How can I sit,
Watch,
And wait.
And not part take of the sacrifices
That are my trials,
That is essentially
My life?



Venom

By Jennifer Aybar

The venom seeps into my veins and arteries
Spreading rampant through my body slowly freezing me in my mind
Allowing me to be a host and parasite at the same time
It traps my thoughts, voice within
I am a prisoner in development as a being
My thoughts yell against the barriers
Hoping to crawl out to the light
The sounds reverberate against my skull
Pain increases at the wailings of my own voice
STOP
I could do something put a leech on the limb effected
Discontinue the spread
But like a drug it feels good
Then all I am is a numb carcass.

Music

By Natalia Martinez

Purple Grass

Inhale and feel the heft

all puzzles solved and soon erased

embraced by his strong black outer shell

walked over and laid on the bed

became dressed in my birthday suit

together like a mix of coffee and cream

warm bodies entwined like a grape vine

feel the stick as it hits the drum

broken drum

deep breath

strong pulse

the beat of our hearts

become a melody striking like

Beethoven Symphony No. 9

so perfect

Serene and warm

you and I

Pt.2

Purple Grass

Inhale and feel the heft

all puzzles solved and soon erased

embraced by his strong black outer shell

walked over and laid on the bed

became dressed in my birthday suit

together like a mix of coffee and cream

warm bodies entwine like a grape vine

feel the stick as it hits the drum

broken drum

deep breath

strong pulse

the beat of our hearts

become a melody striking like

Beethoven Symphony No. 9

elapsed time

an old instrument became his focus

what did I become?

no longer a melody

but a broken note

left with the memory

no longer entwined

now I'm just a single note

making a single tone.



Daniella Nardozzi

Untitled

If Love Was a Choice

By Andrika Morant

If love was a choice then the
Skies wouldn't darken, the wolves
Wouldn't howl, the violins wouldn't sound
If love was a choice that the evil of the ego would
serve no purpose.
If only love was a choice.



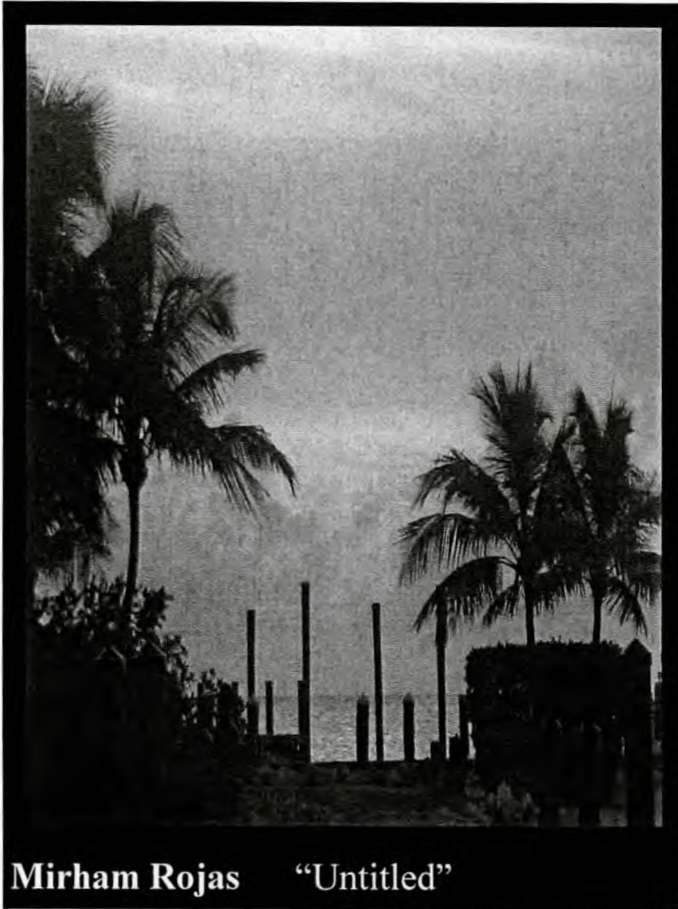
Jennifer Aybar

Peace



Beyond the Horizon

By Laura-Ann Vailonis



Mirham Rojas "Untitled"

"Where are you going, Billy?" asked his sister Kaylee, as he was leaving their back porch where their father was sitting.

"I'm going for a walk. Wanna come?" said Bill. He didn't wait for a reply. As soon as he took the last step off the worn wooden steps, he was gone. He said he was going for a walk, but to Kaylee, who is only 5 years old, it was more like a run. Her little legs could not catch up to Bill's long strides down a darkening path through the woods of their back yard. Kaylee always thought of the back yard as a special jungle. She imagined every type of monkey living in the forest and swinging through the trees.

As she ran to catch up to Billy, she called out "WAIT! WAIT FOR ME!!!" Bill slowed, but only a lit-

tle to each plea from his sister. He needed to get to his secret spot. He knew something great was going to be waiting for him and he didn't want to miss it.

"Billy! I can't make it! You're going too fast!!" wailed Kaylee, near tears. She wanted so much to be like her older brother. Her hero worship even came out in what she wore, which mostly consisted of his hand-me-down sneakers and ratty t-shirts.

"You can do it, Kaylee! We are almost there." said Bill, as he turned and picked her up, placing her on his shoulders.

Bill and Kaylee continued to walk deeper and deeper into the woods while the night sky grew darker. Kaylee was afraid of the dark, but she knew, in that completely secure way that children just know, that her brother would protect her from the creatures of the dark. And with Kaylee on Bill's back, they were walking a lot faster to wherever Bill was headed. "Billy? Where are we going?" asked Kaylee.

"It's a surprise. But trust me, you will like it." said Bill with the sound of a smile drifting towards Kaylee's ears.

"I don't want to see a surprise! I want to know!" demanded Kaylee.

"Are you sure about that?" He asked, patting her leg.

"I have never been more surer!" She shook her head her pony tail swinging as she did so.

"Ok, Kaylee. We are going to see angels."

"Real angels?" asked Kaylee with a new found wonder in her voice and eyes.

Billy continued to take longer strides towards a magical, open sky, hill where the two could see for miles into the sky. "Yes, real angels. Just like mom."

Kaylee started to cry and kick Bill's chest, like a jockey kicks his horse to go faster. "I want to see mommy!" said Kaylee. "MOMMY!!! I'M COMING MOMMY!"

Bill and Kaylee finally reached the hill that looked beyond the horizon of the falling sun and the darkening night sky. Bill and Kaylee sat at the top of the hill waiting for the first star to reveal itself.

Kaylee was beginning to get tired and wanted to go to sleep but wouldn't let herself fall asleep until she had seen her mother. "When is Mommy coming?" asked Kaylee.

"Mommy is coming. I know she'll be here tonight."

As if Bill had called out for his mother, a shooting star appeared in the night sky.

"Look! Kaylee! Look! It's Mommy!"

"Where?!" asked Kaylee frantically, looking all around.

Bill crouches down next to where Kaylee is sitting on the grass and points to the shooting star up above them. "There. Follow my finger."

"Mommy! I miss you Mommy!" cried Kaylee as she jumps up to get closer to the star. "Why is she leaving us?"

"Mommy has to help the other little girls that don't have a mommy. Mommy is an angel and is your angel. Mommy dances in the sky to help you remember her. Every time you see a falling star, it's Mommy. She is waving to you, Kaylee. Wave back."

Kaylee blew a kiss to the star and did her pretty princess wave to her mother. "I love you, Mommy." said Kaylee as she sat back down and fell asleep in Bill's lap.

Daniella Nardozzi

Mari



Still Life

By Kimberlee Haldane

Simple and fast,
Gold turns to brass,
The youth falls from your eyes,
Withering away,
an end to your disguise.
Seconds turn to years
Bringing new fears.
Slow and steady,
Wisdom touches your eyes,
Basking in new found comforts,
Bringing slow delight.
Minutes turn to months,
You ride cautiously over life's lumps.
Half empty.
Half filled.
Still life.
Simple and fast.
Slow and steady.
Still life.
Don't tell me its not worth it.
Here today,
Gone tomorrow.
Still life.



Mattie Jalonack

Untitled

Night thoughts about winter skies.

By Mattie Jalonack

When I look at a night sky, which is dark and is most obviously without the sun, and look out from my window to see a sky that is somehow without the sun and yet clearly bright; it is heavy with clouds. Clouds that I could thrust my hand into, into the puff-puff sky, and peel back those strange marshmallow-cottony-puff-puff-clouds so I could see the purple, blue, blackness that comforts me.

While I'm interested in this so called night sky that is all the colors of a nectarine (or is it the succulent innards of a plum color?), it bothers me. I cannot pull back the clouds, thrust my hand through the veil and open the space up to something familiar. No mortal can reach beyond dream-color clouds and open a door into a normal night.

Not that night in itself is not normal for most people. The world, laid upon heavy in darkness is unsure of what it is without sun light to sharply define the world; giving all sorts of places and structures license to forget their nature. In the night is not uncommon for whole villages to get up, shake out their markers and settle down in a new location before first light. But in the nectarine less-than-half darkness, things ache to move, but instead are scared still by mortal eyes. And mortal eyes, aching for the darkness to release them from their form, or at least let them forget themselves in the infinity of night, are transfixed by the brightness.

Another truth is that in the absence of sun or moon presiding over the world, mortals have nothing to look to hold them steady (even if it is a steadiness in a fluid changing state). But they cannot reach behind the veil. They will wait it out until the sky lifts. And puts the world to norms again.

Custodian of all Knowledge

Oluwakemi Animashaun

Where does knowledge reside?

Is there any one place, one person, or one people with custody of all knowledge?

Where do people go to learn about life?

There is always something to discover and, learn; we never stop learning.

No one is too big or too small to learn and continue learning.

We can learn from virtually anyone, and anything.

We can learn from adults, youth, children, objects, animals, abstract things; to mention a few.

We can learn from chaos, peace, and everyday activity.

We seek to know, we seek to discover, we seek to understand, we seek to learn.

Knowledge is in our homes, our schools, on the streets, within ourselves, and in unsuspecting places.

Life itself contains more knowledge than we could ever fathom.

Our knowledge is limited to all that we are willing and able to comprehend.

In living, we learn. When we stop learning, we die.

Life itself has all experience, all wisdom, all learning, and all knowledge.

Must Overcome

Jennifer Aybar

You can laugh at my face now, you can tell me I told you so, that I never had control, that the escape set the pace, that I was losing a fight that never really started because I accepted my flight when I left myself unguarded. The walls were my downfall, my blade my puppet and my hands my puppeteer as I escaped and dropped the wall with that first cut...

I feel like I am losing
my sanity
Moments of fantasy
pop into my head
The blade would cut
deeper
I'll run until the sweat
drenches my thoughts
In a black wave and
no longer will I think
Sitting on the grass
letting the darkness
envelope me
Left only the stars that
will be the witnesses
to my breakdown
I would laugh
unbothered by the
coldness in my heart
It would reach my
eyes and no longer will
I have to hide
The thought of my de-
parture will no longer
leave me scared



Slowly my mind is
breaking down
Slowly the realms of
reality and fantasy are
fusing
Slowly my heart grows
colder, my thoughts
numb
Soon the blade will
cut deep and left will
be the tick tock of
bleeding
The poetry of death
dancing on linoleum
Soon the rhythmic up
and down in my veins
will cease
The music of death
screeching against my
ears
Soon the ability, the
gift of thoughts +
dreams will evaporate
The notes of death
running out of ink

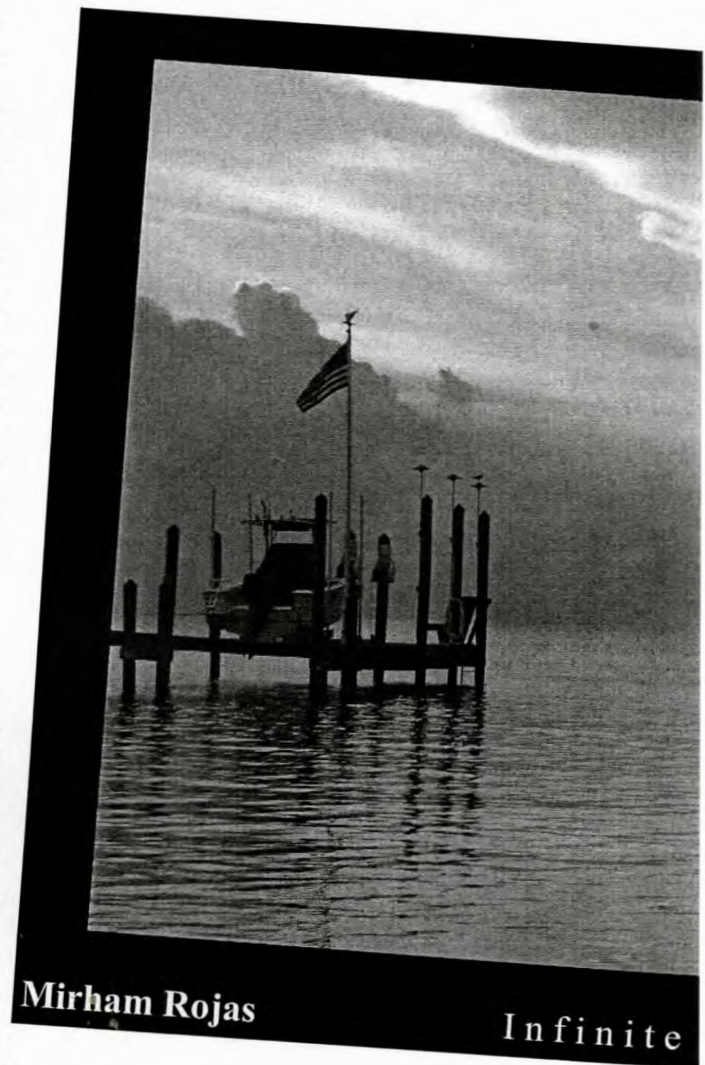
The dance between death and I will
seem like a romantic waltz
On my grave...on my mind...my heart

explosions are not to be toyed with

By Mattie Jalonack

She opened the ginger ale bottle breaking the seal, the foamy carbonation turned white and made its self known. Twisting hard she shut the bottle up tight, as if trying to reseal it. She continued her ritual, now shaking the bottle. This time the bottle filled with an intense version of that white foam, opaque and aggressive. She opened it slightly, thinking she knew how to take a little sting out of her drink. That had been the point, to shake everything up, and let the carbonation wear itself out, flatten out. Her stomach felt really empty, she visualized a sucking candy floating in stomach acid all by its lonesome.

She brushed a few stray spirals of auburn hair out of face, she twitched as she did so. Now, the white foam forced itself out. It almost felt like an explosion in a Tarantino film, splashes (which if they had been red would have been blood) went everywhere. Her sunglasses a wash in sparkling liquid. Yet she only noticed the pool of soda dripping into place in front of her. It was on Betina's side of the room; shit.



Sick and Tired

By Diana Barahona

I am sick and tired of this one month black history month bullshit. You see it's been the white man's month all year round for far too long and I don't know about you but I want to inquire about change. It's a shame that Dr. King's dream is picked up only once a year when his fear of future generations never being free scared him more than losing his very life. What's worse is that if you really think about it we have twice as many more slaves today than we did 300 years ago because we have shackled ourselves down to assimilation. Everyone is trying to assimilate to this all American white dream but not me. I believe that dreams should be painted in vivid colors and white is not one of them because it is the absence of it color. I'm sick and tired of the act of surprise being synonymous with someone of dark pigmentation speaking eloquently or graduating. I'm even madder at minorities being ok with being called minorities because I don't know about you but there isn't anything minor about me. Listen, Rosa Parks didn't remain seated on that bus so that we can sit also but so instead we could continue to walk in the footsteps of her revolution. Harriet Tubman didn't lead those slaves to freedom so that we can hide once again. She did it so that the future generations could reach that so called "promise land." And Dr. King didn't take that bullet in the hopes of being remembered once a year but so instead we could walk this daily dream of freedom. Let's not allow the struggles and deaths of our ancestors go in vain, lets conquer this pain and let them live through us in this promise land of freedom each and every day.



Untitled

By Kimberlee Haldane

I wrote into myself
of the many ways
the eye could sell
a desolate future
less than waste
encased in a dull wood.

I have covered my bones
with lust and dust
muscle and sinewy
the brawn of my bounty
the sickness of your smile
like dirt beneath my nails.

As I lay dying
holes of defeat burned into my back,
so too does your breath
puncture my skin
and your words
cut geometric patterns from my mind.

You bang the drum of confusion
enlisted the strings of my heart
together you beat, but WE eat
as one, as we were,
you and me, he and I
like termites in the fixture.



Mattie Jalonack

Untitled